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WEEKLY REVIEW.

—On the Monday set apart as a day of special prayer for Sunday Schools, (Oct. 18) we were present at a very interesting gathering of S. S. children, teachers, parents and friends in the Methodist Hall, Secundrabad. The Rev. Mr. Robinson presided, throwing a great deal of life into the meeting by a number of beautiful hymns; with harmonium accompaniment. The Sunday School is here regarded as a very important institution, the pastor having thoroughly studied the best means of making it effective. A feeling of enthusiasm pervades children and teachers, and all who were present on that Monday evening must have powerfully felt the influence of the meeting. Addresses were made by the Rev. Mr. Campbell, of the American Baptist Mission, Rev. Mr. Bowen and Rev. Mr. Robinson.

—We learn from the 7th Report of the American Baptist Telugu Mission that 228 persons were baptized last year, the greater number of them at Ongole. There are now 2,734 church members in the Ongole Mission, living in 247 villages; in the whole Telugu Mission, 3,726 communicants. Few missions in India have been so successful as this, as regards the number of conversions. The greater part of the success has been reaped in the last few years. The stations occupied are Nellore, Ongole, Ramapatam, Cambaldiany and Alloor. Since this report was published, Secundrabad has been made a station of the Mission, and the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell entered on their work there in July last. Telugu is spoken to a considerable extent in Secunderabad; the population of the place is said to be about 50,000, while the population of the neighbouring city of Hyderabad, is estimated by Sir Salar Jung at 4,00,000. The Rev. Dr. Jewett, after spending 25 years in the Telugu field returned last year to America. There are 11 ordained preachers in the Mission. There is a Theological Seminary at Ramapatam, with about 50 theological students.

—We take the liberty of making the following extract from a private letter lately received from England:

"Mrs.———finds many openings on all sides in England, and has been greatly blessed already in her labours for the Lord. She has given evangelistic addresses in many places, and spoken to many thousands within the last few months. Some of the Soldiers who heard her at Rawal Pindee three and four years ago are now at Portsmouth and Gosport, and have gladly welcomed her. These seems to be an awakening going on all through the land, and the result of Moody and Sankey's work will long be felt like a great wave of blessing. Only last week as I was walking through the Dockyard, soon after 12 o'clock, I heard sweet music in the distance, and on giving towards one of the great iron workshops, I found about 200 men listening to a choir of their own class singing Sankey's Hymns in a most melodious way. There was deep attention on every face and it was a sight I shall never forget,—those four fellows in their rough and dirty coats all giving up a part of their hard earned hour's rest to join in praising the King.

I was told that similar Meetings are held in other parts of the Portsmouth Dockyard and that much good has already resulted from them. I longed for Sankey to look in and see those earnest faces many of them black with coal dust, thus brought together to sing his beautiful words of praise and prayer."

—During the present week the Anniversary Meeting of the Missionaries and Native pastors and Christians of the American Marathi Mission has been held at Ahmednugger. The gathering has this year been larger than ever before. When we came to the country in January 1848, the strength of that Mission was as follows: Hume, Wood, Trench, Balantine, Burgess, Hazen, Fairbank, Wilder, married Missionaries, Allen, Bowen, Munger, not married; Mrs. Graves and Miss Farrar; Total, 21. The present strength of the Mission is: Harding, Park, Winsor, Wells, Atkinson, R. Hume, E. Hume, Bissell, Fairbank, Bruce, W. Ballantine, all married; Miss Norris, M. D. Miss Ashley, Miss Anderson; total 25 the gain being in the number of female Missionaries. Mr. Wilder, of the first list, formed another Mission, now under the care of the Presbyterian Board, occupying Kolapore and Rutnagherry. Mr. Bowen is now connected with another Missionary body, the Methodist Episcopal. Leaving the sisters out of the calculation, there are now 19 American Missionaries in the Presidency against 11 in 1848. But there has been a more notable expansion in the number of indigenous Missionaries raised up to preach the Gospel and take the pastorate of churches. At the recent meeting in Ahmednuggur (about which we hope to say something more next week) there were present Messrs. Barker and Seiler of the Presbyterian Mission, Mr. Bowen and Rev. Baba Padamanji. Mr. Haig, Principal of the Normal School of the C. V. E. S. in Ahmednuggur, an institution which has been signally helpful to the Marathi Mission, was also present with Mrs. Haig. Of the 25 mentioned in the second list, 7 are children of Missionaries, born in India.

—The excitement connected with the Royal visit has commenced already. During the week Rajahs, Nawabs, and Chiefs of all degrees, have been coming in, until there are about forty of these personages, now in Bombay.

—The following notice of a book about to be published shortly, has been sent to us. The book itself as a translation from the German, by Colonel J. G. Halliday, and is entitled "The Life of Samuel Hebich."

"Most persons who have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the inner life of Missionary Work in India have heard the name of Samuel Hebich, a man who, without any pre-eminent talents, or any complete education, became, by his earnestness, his enthusiasm, and his perseverance, under God's blessing, one of the most remarkable and successful Missionaries of modern times.

This sketch of his life has been compiled by two of those who, working with him, had the best opportunities of becoming acquainted with his excellencies and his failings. The latter, it is believed, have been noticed with the plainness and simplicity of which we have so many examples in Holy Scripture. The former, however,—the stronger points of his character—made him one of the most eminent and useful Missionaries of the present century; and it is with a view to "glorify God in Him," that the present volume has been written, and is now brought before the British public."

—We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a copy of Captain Hogg's essay on "Mounted Infantry," also of the October Number of the "Indian Evangelical Review."

—Man's way is. "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all;" God's way is, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Man, in his self-sufficiency would wait till he can give or do something to earn salvation for himself; but, when taught of God, he comes empty-handed, and joyfully receives at once eternal life as "the gift of God through Jesus Christ." It is then that he inquires, "What shall I render to the Lord?"—working "not for life, but from life," as the old divines would say.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1875.

FRIENDLY WORDS TO ROMANISTS.

XIII.

Before our Lord entered upon his ministry, he went into the wilderness and was there tempted of the devil. It was necessary that he should be tested with reference to the use that he would make of that divine power for the exercise of which the time had now come. The prince of this world brought before him the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, offering them to him if he would worship him. Worship means the surrender of ourselves to the object worshipped. Men worship the god of this world by deferring to the opinions and maxims of the world and by consenting to be guided by these. If the Lord Jesus had consented to make a slight concession to the prejudices of the Jews, the fall in with their ideas of a Messiah, to exert his power in such a way as to free them from the Roman yoke, give them political freedom and supremacy over the nations, he might have reigned king of the Jews and king of nations and wielded a sceptre of peace over such an empire as the world had not known. It was simply necessary that the spiritual should be made for the present subordinate to the material. If there had been a convocation of the wisest men the world had ever known, nay, of the best and most devout men that ever lived, of the most advanced disciples of Jesus even, the decision of the great majority in this conclave would undoubtedly have been in favour of such a concession to the feelings and views of men. Any other plan would involve rejection, humiliation, contumely, persecution of the people of God, obscurity, a bitter contest with all this world deems great and wise and good, and that continued from age to age. But our Lord triumphed over the temptation, and chose the path of God, the *via dolorosa*, the way of the cross. God's ways are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts. The prince of this world, foiled in the Master, turned his attention to the disciples. What Christ would not consent to, the church might agree to.

After the apostolic age had gone by, the bishops residing in the chief places, Alexandria, Antioch, Rome, etc., finding themselves in possession of a much larger amount of worldly influence than belonged to the provincial bishoprics, began to have an overweening sense of the value of their office and the dignity of their position. When the Roman Emperors made profession of Christianity, great multitudes embraced it without any spiritual enlightenment, simply because they saw that their worldly prospects would be improved by it. This tended to invest the position of metropolitan bishops with increasing importance, and to cause men to look up to the bishop as a sort of prince. Their relations to the Emperors augmented this grandeur of theirs. The Emperors were willing to make use of the Church as a means of keeping the people in better subjection; but took good care that the power of the Church should not overshadow their own. When Constantine removed the seat of Empire from Rome to Byzantium, (Constantinople) an opportunity was afforded the bishop of Rome to lift his head higher than ever before. The increase of worldly power developed more and more

of a worldly and ambitious spirit. The corruption was gradual. In the Church at large there was still a considerable degree of piety, still a good many that loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. A rivalry sprang up between the bishops of different cities and the bishop of Rome was far from being unmindful of the advantage given him by the superior splendour, dignity and renown of the eternal city, so called. Gregory I., called the Great, was a man well acquainted with the Scriptures, and with a high degree of reverence for them. He protested most vehemently against the title of œcumenical bishop, (universal bishop) given to John the Faster, Bishop of Constantinople, by the Emperor, and declared most positively that for *any* bishop in the church of Christ to allow himself to be so designated, was antichristian; it was a plain mark of Antichrist. He was Bishop of Rome from 590 to 604. In the year 606 Boniface received this very title from the Emperor Phocas, who was a murderer, a man stained by every crime; received it without spurning it. Thus we plainly find that for 550 years after the ascension of Jesus, there was no such person as a Pope in the Roman Catholic acceptation of the term. The word Pope, papa, means father, and is applied to every priest in the Greek Church. Gregory I. shows us what the sentiment of the leading men of the church was regarding this extraordinary assumption, up to the latter part of the 6th century.

What the god of this world failed to accomplish with the great Head of the church, he succeeded in accomplishing with some of the professed servants of the Master. He offered them the glory and power and wealth of the kingdoms of the world, on condition that they would allow the kingdom of Christ to be in some degree secularized. The maxims and principles of the world were brought into the church. Spiritual ends were sought by secular means; men were addressed in the church by the considerations that appeal to their carnal natures the lust of the eye, the pride of life, splendour, the honours of this world, etc. It was all under the guise of honouring Christ. The priest assumed to be the mediator between the sinner and Christ, and to be the sole almoner of the unsearchable riches of Christ. The study of the Scriptures ceased to be commended, and come in time to be discountenanced.

No one that reads the history of those times carefully, can fail to notice the important part in this development of episcopal power, played by the transfer of imperial power from Rome to Constantinople. The latter city did not become Rome; and the removal of the imperial power was the removal of that which had hindered the upspringing of the great pretensions that were afterwards advanced by the Bishops of Rome. This was what the apostle referred to in the words: "And now ye know what withholdeth that he might be revealed in his time."

THINKING AND DOING.

THE following is from a tale by George Macdonald:

"It is infinitely better to think wrong and to act right upon that wrong thinking, than it is to think right and not to do as that thinking requires of us. The former man may be a Saul of Tarsus; the latter a Judas Iscariot. He who acts right will soon think right, he who acts wrong will soon think wrong. Any two persons acting faithfully upon opposite convictions, are divided but by a bowing wall; any two in belief most harmonious, who do not act upon it, are divided by infinite gulfs of the blackness of darkness across which neither ever beholds the real self of the other."

We have some difficulty in appreciating what is here so highly commended. We do not well understand what is it to think wrongly and act rightly upon that wrong thinking, and the reference to Saul of Tarsus as one in whom this infinitely better state was exemplified, only increases the difficulty. What are the facts about Saul of Tarsus? Let us hear him:

"I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which things I also did. Many of the saints did I shut up in prison; and when they were put to death I gave my voice against them. I punished them oft in every synagogue and compelled them to blaspheme, and being exceedingly mad against them I persecuted them even unto strange cities."

Here the apostle tells us about both the thoughts and the acts of Saul of Tarsus. He thought he ought to do his utmost to uproot Christianity. Like other Pharisees he believed that in killing Christians he was doing God service. He thought wrongly; there can be no doubt of that. But we find that there was an exact correspondence between his thoughts and his acts. What he thought he ought to do that he did. He imprisoned and put to death the best men and women the world had ever seen. We agree with Mr. Macdonald that Saul of Tarsus thought wrongly, but we do not at all agree with him in thinking that he acted rightly. The change that took place in him is represented by Mr. Macdonald as a change in his thinking; his acting was right all along, and his thinking was soon brought into harmony with his conduct. We read all this with great surprise. We do not find this representation in the New Testament. We are told in many places about the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, and we no where find that the change was simply in his thoughts. He says (1 Tim. i 13): "Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor and injurious; but I obtained mercy because I did it ignorantly in unbelief." And he goes on to speak of himself as a chief of sinners; and he concludes that in saving him Christ meant to furnish an extreme instance of pardoning mercy as an encouragement to the most of sinners in all ages, to believe on Christ and and be saved from sin. His persecution of sinners was done ignorantly in unbelief; that is if he had had more light he would have been beyond the reach even of the Gospel. He was not saved because he was not a sinner; he seemed to himself chief of sinners; and during all his Christian life he was full of detestation for his former self, his wrong thinking and his wrong acting.

So far as we understand the matter, wrong thinking and wrong acting go together, right thinking and right acting go together. As a man thinketh in his own heart so is he. God says in Isaiah:

"Let the wicked man forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts."

Thoughts and ways go together. A tree is known by its fruits. God looketh at the heart. Reformation of manners must begin with reformation of the thoughts.

As we fail to find in Saul of Tarsus, so do we also in Judas Iscariot, an exemplification of the truth of the position. "He thought rightly, but did not do as that thinking required." His habit of misappropriating the money put into the common purse, must have been connected with something very faulty in his thoughts.

We should not have thought it worth while to comment on these words of George Macdonald, if we had not seen the passage quoted by a contemporary with high commendation.

The writer of this was for many years a most conscientious unbeliever. During eleven years there never crossed his mind even the possibility of the truth of the Christian revelation. He was a great stickler for right doing; his practice however was conformed to the very erroneous standard in his mind. So far from there being any tendency in this state of mind to bring him to the feet of Jesus, we believe that very few persons in that state of mind are ever brought to salvation.

GLEANING IN EPHESIANS.

"UNTO a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." iv. 13.

It would seem that perfection is not a thing that a believer can attain to, isolatedly. It involves the relations in which we stand to one another, and requires co-operation of the different members of the body of Christ, the church. Perfection is really the full manifestation of Christ; but Christ cannot be fully revealed in one; there must be the harmonious action of many for the full exhibition of the glory of Christ in his redeemed ones. Till we *all* come, in the unity of the faith, etc. "I in them and those in me, that they may be *made perfect in one*." Each believer is to seek to be perfect in the sense of fulfilling the will of the Lord as it relates to him. But the beauty and power of Christian love requires that there should be loved and loving ones; suffering and triumphing ones; helpers and helped; learners and teachers. We must remember therefore that what our Lord has his heart set upon is the perfection of the whole body. See this exemplified in the wheels high and wondrous, intersecting, looking every way, moved by the Spirit, as seen in vision by Ezekiel. What a deplorable misconception of the matter it is, that a man or woman may seek and find in cloistered silence the fullest development of spiritual life. Seasons of retirement are most needed, hours of uninterrupted communion with God, but the love that is then shed abroad in the heart is love to man and sends us with the blessings of God to our neighbours. Christ is to be glorified in his saints and admired in all them that believe. As he is so are we in this world. Christian perfection is simply the revelation of the perfection of Christ. Christ in you, the hope of glory.

"No more children." 14.

The thing especially deprecated by the apostle is immaturity, uncertainty, changeableness, in our principles and aims. The word of God is a positive and sufficient basis of faith. The Christian must be established in the truth, with power to try the spirits, to discern error, to hold fast to his convictions, to resist novelty. As well expect that a tree, frequently transplanted, will be strong, as that a Christian, carried about by every wind of doctrine, will be nature. The Galatians allowed themselves to be cheated out of much blessing, by too readily giving heed to certain teachers who came among them after Paul had left.

"Speaking the truth in love." 15.

Not speaking merely, but declaring it, exhibiting it, in all our conduct, all the details of life. Truth and love may not be divorced. Love without truth is not love; and truth without love is not truth. The love of Christ constraineth. This is the condition of true growth.

"May grow up into him in all things."

We are imitators of Christ in all things. If we have carpentering to do, mending, buying, selling, we will study to do it as Christ would do it in our place. Every thing we have to do, secular or religious, gives us an opportunity of growing up into Him. A blessed truth this. Means of grace are every where, if we have the mind that was in Christ Jesus, and love one another with pure hearts, fervently.

NOTICE.

Received from "A Friend," Egutpoora, for the new Methodist Episcopal Chapel, at Mazagon, Rs. 10.

Epitome of News.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "The Lucknow paper tells us that the population of Oudh was, at the last census, 11,220,232; the number of gallons of native liquor consumed during last year was about 612,696; thus it would seem that the consumption of spirits of native manufacture is about one-eighteenth of a gallon per head. The aggregate revenue derived from duty and license fees, including a small sum on licenses for the sale of European spirits, which it is not easy to strike out, and which does not perceptibly affect the general result, was Rs. 5,52,363, or about three-fourths of an anna per head of the population."

—*Times of India*: "The composition of a dictionary of the Guzerati language, under the supervision of the Guzerati Vernacular Society, has made good progress, 7,000 words have been added to 17,921 words already collected."

"The Flying Squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Lambert, was signalled at two o'clock yesterday afternoon, and the last vessel anchored in harbour at about half-past five. The Squadron consists of six vessels: the *Narcissus*, flag-ship, the *Immortalité*, *Doris*, *Topaz*, *Newcastle*, and *Releigh*."

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"Brigadier-General Gell, commanding the Bombay garrison, who proceeded to England on three months' furlough, has been permitted by H. M.'s Secretary of State for India to return to duty."

Monday, October 25.

—*Bombay Gazette:* "The fate which has recently overtaken some investors in flashy lotteries ought to warn people from throwing away their money on speculations about the promoters of which they know nothing. The Albert lottery at Secunderabad seems to be one of the most disgraceful things of the kind that has ever taken place in India. Many people in Bombay drew prizes, but we have not heard a single instance in which they received money or any other prize to which they were entitled. Letters addressed to Messrs. Albert at Secunderabad by people enquiring about their prizes have wandered over the country in search of these gentlemen; but they have all come back from the Post Office covered with redirections, and the disappointing intimation in red ink 'not to be found.'"

"The Indian League, the new native association in Calcutta, has convened a public meeting for Saturday last for the purpose of taking steps to memorialise Government in favour of an elective constitution for the Calcutta Municipality."

"It is reported that the King of Burmah will send representatives to Calcutta to meet the Prince of Wales. The Mission will consist of Kenwoon Mengyee, the Kullawoon, Mr. Peter Camaratta and the Wonduck who has been associated with most of the embassies sent to European Courts by the present King."

—*Indian Statesman:* "For the convenience of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and we presume that of the specials also, a temporary telegraph office is to be opened on the Annamallays during H. R. Highness' hunting excursion to those hills."

—*Times of India:* "On a reference from the Madras Government the Government of India have ruled that medical officers in charge of cantonments should render their services free to pensioners and their families."

"We *(Madras Times)* understand that several clergymen in Madras intend to have the hymn for those at sea sung at divine service during the time occupied in the voyage of the Prince of Wales, and our new Governor, the Duke of Buckingham, to this country. The proposal has, we believe, the hearty concurrence of the Bishop of the Diocese."

"We have received from the designer, Mr. Hormusjee Sorabjee, *Medows Street*, tracings of designs for a cap to be called the 'Prince's Cap.' So far as we are able to judge, the caps will be very handsome when made up as proposed. If not too expensive, the reception committee might provide the native children with them."

Tuesday, October 26.

—*Bombay Gazette:* "We have received a formal notification from the Private Secretary to His Excellency the Governor of Bombay that His Highness the Nizam is unwell, and that the Resident at Hyderabad is anxious it should be known that, upon his representations, founded on the advice of the Residency Surgeon, the Viceroy has excused the attendance of the Nizam on the occasion of the Prince of Wale's arrival in Bombay, and has accepted the attendance of a deputation in lieu of the Nizam's own presence. The Resident, it is added, still entertains a hope that the Nizam's health may improve sufficiently to enable him to pay his respects to His Royal Highness at Poona."

"We understand that considerable dissatisfaction is felt by the masters of several of our local High Schools for English and Eurasian children at the results of the recent Government inspection, and that they contemplate appealing against the award of the Inspector."

"The Trade and Navigation returns of British India for the first two months of the current financial year, show that the total value of imports, excluding treasure, was Rs. 5,90,81,958, as compared with Rs. 5,02,10,871 during the corresponding period of last year; and the total value of exports, excluding treasure, Rs. 13,29,37,730, as compared with Rs. 12,00,08,139."

—*Lucknow Witness:* "The *Friend of India* in a singularly weak and illogical article, attempts the defense of the 'opium trade' in general, and the opium tax in particular. 'It is idle,' we are told, 'to oppose either the Government monopoly or the private traffic on religious grounds. No Government exists or probably ever will exist that would deal with the question except on economic and fiscal considerations.' In other words, finance is above and beyond morals. Our contemporary finds it difficult 'to suppress a smile' at the simplicity of the Canton missionaries in dreaming that sentimental or religious considerations could affect the people of Great Britain, but he certainly takes unnecessary pains to prove that Canton has not a monopoly of simplicity. It is as easy to say that morals do not belong to finance as that fire does not belong to gunpowder, and yet the fire makes short work of the powder when it comes in contact with it. If the history of the present century teaches any one lesson more clearly than another, it is this, that there are growing moral forces in our world which can make a foot-ball of the finance and diplomacy of the wisest statesmen and best thinkers of the world. Politicians are apt to be very slow learners, but they have received some lessons written in blood and fire during the present century which ought to make them wiser than they are. The argument of the *Friend* might have been used by the opponents of Clarkson and Wilberforce, and substantially it was used by them with as much force and reason as in the present controversy. The slave trade had its 'economic and fiscal considerations,' but the religious people had too much 'simplicity' to appreciate them, and the trouble with the opium question is that there are several million Christians in the world who believe it to be a wicked business, and who have an inveterate way of thinking that the wages of iniquity are as apt to burn the hand of the State as of the individual."

Wednesday, October 27.

—*Bombay Gazette:* "An ingenious Swedish woodcarver has hit on a way of applying the game of chess to political and religious controversy. This artist, whose name is Oestergren, and who is a native of the obscure town of Westeras, in Sweden, is making ready for the forthcoming Philadelphia Exhibition a set of chessmen intended to typify the struggle of opinion now going on in Germany. On the one side the Emperor is the king, the Empress Augusta the queen, Prince Bismarck and the Minister of Public Instruction, Herr Falk, the bishops, the knights are uhlans, and the pawns recruits of the landwehr. Their adversaries are the Pope, of course as king, while an abbess figures as queen; the bishops are cardinals; monks mounted on asses represent the knights, and the pawns are monks on foot."

—*Times of India:* "A fire was discovered on board the *Arracana*, for Liverpool to Bombay, with coals, on the 22nd. She blew up on the evening of the 23rd in flames. The next day the crew abandoned her, about fifty miles westward of Carwar, and arrived here safe."

"A remarkable discovery, and one pregnant with the most important consequences, is announced in telegraphy, and, unlike many such wonders, is probably a *bonâ fide* fact. The inventor attunes any number of electric currents, carried from tuning forks by as many different wires to one main wire, which conveys all the currents separately to the other end of the line, where they are received on separate wires connected with corresponding tuning forks, and tell each their own tale without the least confusion."

—*Friend of India:* "The worship of the Sacre-Cœur is, as our readers are aware, awakening an astonishing amount of enthusiasm among the adherents of Ultramontanism. France is, by devotion to the Sacred Heart, to be saved from the evils of centuries. The energy displayed by the priestly leaders in this movement is really extraordinary. The Catholics of England are asked, we see, to aid in the erection of a Church of the Sacred Heart at Gibraltar, by taking tickets in a gigantic lottery. The project is recommended as 'a benevolent enterprise of extraordinary interest.'"

—*Bengal Christian Herald:* "In addressing a public meeting in the Guildhall, presided over by the Mayor, the Bishop of Oxford estimated, as follows, the probable bearing of the Prince of Wale's visit on missionary work in India:—'The results that were likely to grow out of the Prince's visit—both on its personal side and with respect to the great position he occupied and the interests he represented—were calculated to make India much better known in a popular way than it had been hitherto, and he believed the effect upon missionary work there would be beneficial. He firmly believed that one great reason why the whole work of Christian missions had sometimes languished was simply a want of knowledge. That kind of assertion which some foolish young fellow who had spent a little time there would sometimes make—that, so far as he could see missions had done nothing for India—was too often taken for granted. "Dear me," exclaimed his lordship, "what did he see of Christian missions or of anything else?" He saw a tiger, perhaps, or a cantonment in which he was interested, but what opportunity had he of seeing the operations of missionaries and judging of their results? What did he know of spiritual work at home? What did he know of spiritual work in the next parish? He would be unable to give an account of Christian work in the immediate neighbourhood to say nothing of a diocese. Such a man might be able to say something about his sport or about the ball he attended, but how could he tell them of what was being done in men's hearts by the preaching of the Gospel? Therefore why should they take what he said for granted when he brought home a smart sentence about the value of missions in a vast Empire like India? Why should they assume that he knew all about it? Englishmen sadly needed a better acquaintance with the whole state of things in that vast Empire; and when they did know more about it they would find that there were great capacities for conversion, and that eager inquiries were being made by large classes of Natives as to the meaning, power, and evidence of the Christian religion. We occupied a position in relation to India never occupied by any other nation; and if we were only true to ourselves—if in our dealings with the people we were honest, earnest, and gentle—not arrogant and imperious—we might, by God's mercy, succeed in doing as great a work there as had ever been done since the Gospel was first preached. He saw in the approaching visit of the Prince of Wales to India the possibility—it depended upon ourselves whether we used it or not—of a larger acquaintance with what to England was the most important State in the world, and a larger means of influencing it for good."

Thursday, October 28.

—*Times of India:* "A grand entertainment was given last Saturday at Judge Wedderburn's residence to our native citizens in honour of Miss Carpenter. On Monday she, accompanied by Sir William Merewether, the Misses Dunsterville, and Mrs. Newbury, visited the Suddur Court to hear Mr. Dyaram address the Court in the case of Major Hill *versus* the Municipality. In the evening she visited the Parsee school and received an address. On Tuesday she visited the Native High School and delivered an able speech. She has subscribed Rs. 500 towards establishing a female native school at Kurrachee. This morning she proceeded to Hyderabad and will return to Bombay on Friday.

"In place of Mr. Auckland Colvin, who was deputed to be a Member of the Commission appointed to investigate the disturbances which have recently occurred in the Poona and Ahmednuggur Districts of the Bombay Presidency, Mr. C. W. Carpenter of the Bengal Civil Service is appointed to be a member of the said Commission."

—*Bombay Gazette:* "A case of interest to the public generally, and to those who are connected with the importation of horses in particular, has occurred in connection with the ship *Cardigan Castle* which arrived in Bombay some few days ago. The vessel brought with her a number of horses shipped in Australia for this port, and accompanying the horses were several men who signed the ship's articles as "seamen," but whose real duties were those of grooms and attendants on the horses, the discharge of such duties being the service required from them by the parties by whom they were engaged. On the ship's articles an agreement was entered into between these men and the Captain to the effect that they were to be discharged in Bombay. The natural result of their being discharged here is that they will become vagrants, chargeable on the Government, there being no employment available for them here, nor any means of leaving this place of which they are likely to avail themselves. Under these circumstances Lieutenant Brebner, our active and energetic Shipping Master, with a view to the interests of the town, held a consultation with Mr. C. P. Cooper, the Senior Magistrate of Police, in his chambers yesterday, with, we regret to say, an unsatisfactory result. It was Lieutenant Brebner's wish, if possible, to prevent the men being discharged in Bombay, but this, unfortunately it seems, the captain cannot be prevented from doing. Under Section 32 of the Vagrancy Act, the consignees of any animal imported into India is held liable should any person of "European extraction" who arrives in charge of such animal or animals, become chargeable upon the Government as a vagrant. The shippers of the animals brought by the *Cardigan Castle* have evidently sought to evade this clause by shipping the care-takers or attendants on the animals as seamen, for these men being discharged *as seamen*, it would be imposible to hold the consignees responsible for them, inasmuch, as being "seamen," they are not "persons in charge of animals," but merely some of the ship's hands told off for special duty.

These men, moreover, have no knolwedge of seamen's work, and cannot consequently ship from here as seamen. The money which they will receive on leaving this vessel is only sufficient to provide them with a few days' subsistence, and immediately it is gone, they will be thrown upon the streets of Bombay houseless, foodless, and pennilless. The next scene in the eventful drama being their appearance before the Magistrates and their committal to the Government workhouse as vagrants.

—The following notice of work in the Madras and its vicinity in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Mission, is from the *Madras Standard* October 18:

A quarterly love feast was observed in the London Mission Chapel, Pursewaukum, October 12th, 6-30 P. M.

The pastor's report was given. In this it appeared that all the congregations are in a prosperous state, that the London Mission Chapel, Pursewaukum, were the pastor usually preaches is crowded each Sabbath evening and service is held there at eleven on Sabbath morning, and the Bible school at 7 Sabbath A. M., is exceedingly interesting. The Bible school at same hour, at Explanade pandal, has just proved the hard study of the quarter by a delightful competitive examination in which the successful boy or girl in any of the four departments received a beautiful book. The pastor holds meetings here each Thursday and Saturday evening, and administers Lord's supper the first sabbath evening of each month. Also there is preaching in this pandal, in Ordnance lines, at 8-30 A. M., and 6 P. M., Sabbaths.

The Day and Bible schools at Poodoopett pandal, use both English and Tamil. English preaching is employed there Sabbath 9 A. M. and Tuesday evening.

At Perambore, the London Mission school room, with use kindly donated, has been occupied while the Railway Church, soon to be dedicated, is being built. The pastor preaches Tuesday evenings, and speakers from Madras take the appointments of 8 A. M., and 6 P. M. Sabbath, while the Bible school of 7 A. M. Sabbath, (and in Parcherry 11 A. M.), and the Friday prayer meetings are led by residents. The Day School there is very good and prosperous.

Thirteen Weekly Prayer Meetings, not mentioned above, are conducted in various parts of the city by appointed speakers. Sixteen Fellowship Bands have their weekly session.

The Railway line is visited by the pastor monthly, preaching and administering the sacraments, at the places now to be mentioned.

At Arconum, religious meetings are held twice a week by two designated laymen.

At Vellore, services have lately been begun in a similar way by lay agency, and a day and Sabbath school have commenced in a pleasant room.

At Jollarpett, an increase of religious interest has lately been realised, and a few days ago a Young Men's Christian Association was formed, the Station Master being president, ten officers accepting work, and their meeting being held on Wednesday; and on Sabbath evening a service of a general character is conducted.

At Sooramungalum, seven additions to the Christian company have been received by conversion this quarter, and representatives of this band hold meetings at some other places also, further west on the line.

In the city of Madras, the Tamil work, that is, public preaching and private endeavours to secure conversions, is receiving larger attention. This is the ultimate object. An English and East Indian saved church should hasten all to the great work to which they are called. One of the principal speakers in this religious movement is now relieved from midweek English preaching to give his strength to preaching in the evenings, with two assistants and any volunteers, in Tamil and Telugu and Hindustanee. Three Hindus have lately been baptised in public.

A summary for the past quarter is very encouraging. Thirty-five persons have been admitted into full membership after the opportunity of observation and of being proved six months; and forty men and twenty women, professing conversion, have joined on probation, which several others do weekly after having received salvation by faith.

Friday, October 29.

—*Indian Statesman*: "A *Gazette Extraordinary* publishes a notification by the President of Council with the Viceroy's concurrence directing the firing of Royal salutes at every fort or cantonment throughout British India where salutes are authorized to be fired, on receipt of telegraph information of the landing of the Prince of Wales in Bombay, where he is expected to arrive on the 8th of November."

—*Times of India*: "The date of holding the Oriental Examinations, which are perhaps the most interesting, as well as certainly the most original of the special functions of the Punjab University, has been changed from the 6th December 1875 to the 10th January 1876."

"Some of the superstitions in Rajpootana about vaccination are curious. The usual belief that by vaccination the English are trying to find out the twelfth or last Imam, is most common in Ajmere. In the Mahomedan city of Tonk, however, the people have no objection to being vaccinated. In Hindoo districts the Brahmins, for a consideration, promise the people immunity from small-pox. At one place an ingenious Chumar having found out a strange oval shaped hole in a rock, gave out that all those who passed through the hole would escape small-pox. People came with their offerings, and at least the Thakore of Marwar brought his child to pass through the rock. As some people who were actually suffering with small-pox had already been through, it is not strange that the child caught the disease. The Thakore was so angry that he had the Chumar seized; but the Chumar was equal to the occasion, and declared that the child was bewitched by a village woman. She was, therefore, burnt with hot copper pice till the political authorities interfered. The people still believe in the power of the Chumar and in his story about the witch."

—*Lucknow Witness*: "It is gratifying to know that the importance of much prayer on the part of earnest Christians in connection with the Prince's visit now so close at hand is impressing itself more and more on the hearts of many. We have previously adverted to its necessity. It is certainly fitting that the devout and godly of every name remind themselves that there will be need of special prayer, and watchfulness, and work this winter. A flood of distracting revelry and dissipation, balls, races, and costly pageants, will be poured in upon us, with no good results to such as mingle in them and probably with much harm. Increased earnestness and zeal lest the interests of true religion suffer loss will be particularly in place."

"We are very glad to hear by a private letter from Mr. Philip Phillips, the Christian singer, that he is now on his way to India, having taken passage from Melbourne by the steamer of the seventh instant. His plan is to remain a fortnight in Ceylon and then proceed to Calcutta, though he may possibly spend a few days at Madras on the way. If all things seem to favor, Mr. Phillips may make a somewhat extensive tour in India visiting the chief cities and holding evangelistic and "sacred song services." We earnestly hope that effectual efforts may be made to induce him to spend the cold season in India. The field is a wide one, and we are sure that he would be gladly welcomed wherever he might go. Especially if some good speaker, lay or clerical, with evangelistic gifts could accompany him, we might have a very satisfactory counterpart to the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. At least, those whose curiosity and wonder have been aroused by the effects described as resulting from the singing of Mr. Sankey will be able to understand it fully after listening to Mr. Phillips."

"We learn that there is a strong probability that a Presbyterian chaplain will be appointed to Lucknow at an early day, and it is rumored in the station that a Presbyterian Church is to be built in the Cantonments. We have a large staff of missionaries and chaplains in Lucknow, but inasmuch as all of them combined have not been able to do one-tenth the work which ought to be done, we cannot but offer a hearty welcome to every new worker who may enter the field, and in this case we shall be all the more ready to do so, if, as we hear, the chaplain is to be the Rev. G. Gillan, formerly of Meerut and Amballa."

Miscellany.

—*Church Missionary Record*:

"As regards the *Native Christians*, there are one or two parts of Northern India where spiritual life, corporate and individual, seems to be vigorous. In the congregations of Krishnagar, some signs of vitality are beginning to manifest themselves. On four recent occasions, united prayer-meetings have been held by people from all the six congregations, the number assembled amounting to 400 or 500 people. The idea was conceived and carried out entirely by the congregations themselves. At two of these meetings the Missionary was present, and presided for about two hours; but the Native brethren continued their devotions until a late hour in the night, and some of them spent the hours in alternate singing and praying till dawn of day. The Missionary was also cheered and surprised by finding that, notwithsanding the famine, the subscriptions to the Church Fund suffered no diminution.—The Native congregations of Amritsar, in the Punjâb, and Karâchi, in Sindh, as well as that of Trinity Church, in Calcutta (mentioned in former years), show many signs of zeal, activity, and independence, although these are scarcely the characteristics of the North Indian congregations generally. Interesting instances of individual piety are also recorded. Joseph Jacob, the Native Minister at Agra, who was called to his rest last September, told his European brother, on his dying bed, that he longed to enter the mansions prepared for the Lord's people; to see the dear saints who had departed this life in God's faith and fear; and to see Jesus, whom he had loved on earth. A Native Christian at Bombay said to his Native Pastor, "I am sure of going to heaven, Jesus has washed away my sins. Jesus never refuses a penitent sinner. I have put the burden of my sin upon Him, and I am sure I shall be saved." The bystanders were struck with the joy expressed in his words and in his countenance. Mr. Gordon, of the Punjâb, in his Missionary travels, found a Native Christian family in a remote part of the district, far removed from all helpful influence, but maintaining faithful witness, before relatives and friends, to the truth which they had heard from the lips of an itinerant Missionary. The head of the family had manfully endured the malice of enemies and the scorn of kinsmen, and had gathered and was instructing a group of inquirers. This is the same man whose sufferings for Christ's sake have been mentioned more than once by Mr. Brodie, of the Derajat Mission.

In South India the work is further advanced. In Madras, Tinnevelly, and Travancore, the organization of the Native Church is advancing satisfactorily; though it still needs, to all human appearance, as it enjoys, the presence and advice of European Missionaries. The Madras Native Church conducts also Missionary efforts by open-air preaching, and by lectures to the educated classes. In Tinnevelly, the Native Ministers, thrown more on their own resources, have gained the growing confidence of Dr. Sargent for their integrity and their general capabilities. In North Tinnevelly, a Christian Tahsildar, or Native Magistrate, has won the esteem of all, by fidelity and uprightness in his public duties; and commends the Gospel by word as well as by example. Archdeacon Hobbs recently visited Tinnevelly from the Mauritius, to obtain evangelists, who might labour among the Tamil coolies in that island. Five men offered to return with him. The Archdeacon writes:—"I had the indescribable pleasure of spending last Sunday at my old station, Satthankullam, and preaching in the church which I was privileged to erect. I recognized many persons, and was recognized by many more, whom the interval of twenty years has changed from children to men and women—fathers and mothers of families, and from persons in the prime of life to old folks like myself. Both there, and at a near village where I went in the evening, the congregations were strikingly larger than at the time I left; and their orderly and intelligent appearance was to me a proof that they had profited by the care constantly bestowed upon them. Altogether my own impression of the Church in Tinnevelly is that the blessing of the Lord has rested richly upon it. Not only has it greatly increased, but it has marvellously progressed. Its present aspect appears not only to invite surrounding heathen to come in and share its blessings, but reproach the obstinacy of those who persist in their heathenism and keep aloof. As to its future, we are, I think, in no danger of raising our expectations too high. What the Lord has done, and is doing, is a pledge of the greater things He will yet do. Hitherto, I believe, it has not suffered from the reduction of the number of European clergy; but it seems to me that the present number is a sort of minimum, and that they could not be further reduced for a long time without danger of injury."

In the rising Telugu Church the Native Christians are active evangelists among their countrymen; and the Church Councils and Committees are girding themselves for the work and burden of Native Church self-support. In Travancore, where heathen, as already mentioned, are gathered in by hundreds, many of the Native Christians take an active and intelligent part in this work, and show a practical interest in the maintenance and support of their Church. In those parts which were the scene of the late Revival, though the excitement has, in large measure, subsided, the good fruit is left behind in the increased circulation and study of God's Word, and among the Syrian Christians, in the relinquishment of several superstitious practices."

—*Times of Blessing*:

"A very interesting book with the above title has been put into our hand. It contains a graphic account of the aborigines of India, especially of the Santhals,—their numbers, the mountain districts which they inhabit, their manners and customs, and the more recent efforts that have been made to Christianize them. The various divisions of aborigines number about 70,000,000, scattered over the vast mountain slopes, hilly countries, and uplands; and the Santhals, one of these divisions, number about 5,000,000, occupying the great central plateau of India. But the book is intended to attract attention to the portion of these located about 150 miles north-west of Calcutta, and numbering about 300,000. The Santhals, according to tradition, lived in the Punjab for a long time before the Hindoos entered India, but then they were driven back step by step into the mountains. They live in small villages. They are less sophisticated than the Hindoos in their habit and character, and are less unwilling than these to consider and receive the truths of christianity. Their own system of religion has continued very simple, while that of their conquerors has become so elaborate. And as it is a lamentable fact that the nearer a Santhal is to civilisation, is more degraded than his brother whose home is deep in the jungle; and as, being of stronger build than the Hindoos, they are much sought for as labourers on the tea-plantations, and in the coal and iron mines, it is of the greatest importance that earnest active measures be taken to Christianize them while yet the work is more likely to be successful. In the course of the past ten years much has been accomplished among them by the Church of England in the extreme north of their district, the Free Church of Scotland in the extreme west, and the American Baptist Missionary Society in the extreme south. But special attention is asked to the labours of the Revs. H. P. Boerresen and Skrefsrud in what is called the 'Indian Home Mission to the Santhals.' Their great success necessitates a call for increased help, which we beg to earnestly reiterate. These devoted men do not belong to any missionary society. They went forth together into the forests of this people. They threw themselves entirely among them, suffering the greatest hardships. They made friends of them. They opened up to them the gospel simply in daily and hourly conversation. They have now a reward of their self-denying endeavours in having around them upwards of thirty congregations, containing in the aggregate above two thousand communicants, every one of whom realizes the obligation to personally make known the gospel, and thus the work is rapidly progressing. The communicants congregate from their many villages to 'Ebenezer,' for the purpose of celebrating our Lord's Supper, and conferring upon the affairs of the whole church, and the work of progressive evangelization. More than a thousand frequently come together. Their place of meeting hitherto has been simply an enclosure fenced in with posts and branches of trees from the neighbouring jungles, with a covering of some material over a part of it. One such *chapel* after another has collapsed, and been restored and extended. But now it is necessary that a large and substantial one should be erected. And why should not this earnest Santhal Church and its devoted ministers be aided in this matter to the extent of four or five hundred pounds? Already some contributions have been received from generous-hearted friends. We hope the whole sum required will very soon be forthcoming."

—*Church Missionary Record*:

"A NATIVE FUNERAL.—Encamped on the banks of a mountain stream, with a picturesque peep, through the trees, of the flowing water—a bridge beyond, and the dark blue misty hills rising five or six thousand feet in the back-ground, I had a favourable opportunity of witnessing an ordeal, common enough among the natives, but seldom seen by Europeans. Few perhaps would care to see a human body burnt, and yet the way in which the thousands around us dispose of their dead, is both curious and interesting. The case I am about to describe, may be regarded, as a fair specimen of 99 out of a hundred.

It was mid-day, when I saw 40 or 50 men come winding along the irregular path on the bank of the river towards my tent. The first that made his appearance had two large white conch shells, both of which he held to his mouth, and made a melancholy, monotonous sound. The next man carried a very long serpentine horn, which, from its antique appearance, may have been handed down from the days of Tubal Cain. Half-a-dozen tom toms of every variety of shape and size followed and completed the troop of musicians, intended to do honour to the occasion. Then came four men bearing on their shoulders, what, at first sight, appeared to be, a gaily dressed lifesized swamy, but which, on closer inspection, was recognisable as the remains of an old man. The mourners that followed, came along in a careless, matter-of-fact sort of a way as though they were engaged in one of the ordinary occupations of life. The corpse was in a sitting posture, and dressed with turban and cloth, but decked with garlands and flowers in a way it had not been, perhaps, since its wedding day. They had evidently no objection to my watching the proceedings, and I did so from beginning to end. The bier was placed under the shade of a noble banian tree, where the pyre, I observed, had already been built. This was made exclusively of dried cakes of cow dung, with a few pieces of sandalwood stuck into the heap on each side, to improve the nature of the smell when the whole should be burnt. The bier was next placed on the pyre, and then followed an extraordinary ceremony which, seen through English spectacles, appeared both childish and disgusting. The band round the head of the corpse was loosed, and the mouth opened. Two small brass vessels, one containing water, and the other rice, were placed on either side of the head, and the friends of the deceased came forward in succession, and deposited a little of the rice, and a little of the water, between the clay cold lips of the dead. Each one, at the same time, placed a few coppers on the body. The coppers were a perquisite for the barber, and as he afterwards told me, they amounted to six-and-a-half annas; he also said he got two cocoanuts, and he had some hopes of getting two more on the morrow. The chief mourners were two men, the sons of the deceased, and two little boys, who performed their share of the ceremonies with the same composure as was displayed by their seniors. The eldest son took up a chatty of water which he carried round and round the pyre, while the barbar, who was standing by, pierced the chatty in three places with a stick as it was carried round. When the water had run out, the chatty was thrown down and broken near the head of the corpse. The two sons next prostrated themselves in front of the remains of their departed parent, whose body was now placed in a hollow, formed in the cakes of cow dung. The whole was then covered with cloths, and smeared with mud mixed with straw: fire was introduced, and so the first part of the ceremony was brought to a conclusion.

The wind was then blowing in a favourable direction for me, leaving my tent to the windward, but, with the shades of evening, the wind changed, and I had the full benefit of the evil smell of the fumes. Daylight came, none too soon, and I looked to see how the poor old body had passed the night on the burning cow-dung. The mud that had been plastered outside, had been hardened by the fire, and the smoke had found its way through two or three chimneys which it had formed for itself. Looking down one of these chimneys stood the barber whose acquaintance I had formed on the previous day. He was poking about the inside of the furnace with a stick, and with a grin of recognition he remarked "it is almost all burnt." At mid-day the whole of the funeral party re-appeared upon the scene. The baked mud was removed from the pyre, and water thrown over the ashes. The two sons then tenderly collected some of the bones that had suffered least from the action of the fire, and put them on one side. The remaining ashes were shoveled into a cloth, and thrown into the stream. On the spot where the burning had taken place, a space was marked out, and the reserved bones were placed there on a plantain leaf. By their side a little pillar of earth was erected, representing the God Ganesa. Sticks of scented wood were stuck into the ground and lighted; camphor was burnt, and flowers and eatables were shared between Ganesa and the bones. Milk, curds, curry and rice, and even oil for the head, (whether for the head of Ganesa, or the owner of the bones, I don't know,) were offered in succession. The little plat of ground was sown with various seeds mixed; a stalk of full-grown rice was planted in the centre; and the remaining bones, which had received so much attention, with Ganesa, were committed to the stream; betel leaf was distributed, and the second part of the ceremony was finished.

With so much that was superstitious, there was yet a great lack of anything like reverence or awe in the presence of the dead. While the two sons were going through the ceremonies, their friends were sitting around, talking and laughing. They seemed as though they wished to impress the white man in the tent with the idea that they regarded the whole affair as a joke. The sons appeared somewhat in earnest, and once or twice consulted the barbar, who was the master of the ceremonies, as to which offering should follow next. At the conclusion, the musicians had a squable about their fees, which almost led to blows; and two little boys had a fight over a cocoanut, which had been offered in sacrifice to the manes of their departed grandfather. I took the opportunity of talking to them about the Christian view of death, and of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, their superstitious ceremonies suggesting Christian truths. Whether there was anything symbolical intended in the ceremonies they performed, I cannot say. The barber did not seem to think there was.

It occurred to me that the filling the mouth of the dead with rice and water, might be intended to shew the willingness of the survivors to provide for the wants of the old gentleman, had he enjoyed a longer lease of life. The chatty, with the holes, may have been symbolical of the transitory nature of this life; and when the chatty was smashed, it may have represented the final catastrophe death. The seed sown on the burning ground, whether so intended or not, was certainly not a bad illustration of the resurrection. But horror of horrors! what do I see? There goes my cook quietly dipping his chatty in the stream just below the spot, sacred to the memory of the ashes and bones of that poor old man, not to mention the remains of Ganesa. He is about to take the water for kitchen purposes. Yes, and he says in reply to my enquiries, 'What I do, sir? every body drink this water, for one well, plenty far more than a mile.'"

Selections.

FROM A DISCOURSE BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

O! was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that.

"WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE."

No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved?

I CANNOT TELL YOU.

No man, no angel, can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point, "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and He is bound to see me through. He has sworn He will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, farther, than that—it means a peaceful death.

Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us.

DEATH IS LOATHSOMENESS, AND MIDNIGHT,

and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture, unless Christ shall be with us. I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the farther on in life I get the more I like to have my friends around about me. And am I to be put off for THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN A DARK PLACE, WITH

NO ONE TO SPEAK TO?

When the the holidays come, and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas," or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place; unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into

it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation to-day are folded over the still heart, that

THEN I SHALL ONLY BEGIN TO LIVE.

What powers is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of His own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O Death, I will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battle-axe I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens; O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction.

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy He made every house He went into, and when He brings us up to His house in heaven how great shall be our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all

THE ORATORIOS OF ETERNITY.

Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. O, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbour I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness.

O, broken-hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have Him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and Him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with Me on earth, come up now and be glorified with Me in heaven."

Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble, and said to the woman there: "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said:

"O, SIR, I HAVE BEEN A GOOD MOTHER TO THE GRAVE."

And so there are hearts that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to the enternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? O, you poor waiting-maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows, and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! O, aged men and women, fed by His love and warmed by His grace for threescore years and ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a heart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom, having not seen, you love? O, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves,

BUT WITH THE LAMB RECLINING ON THE SUNLIT HILL.

That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid His disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm while He looks down into her face and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love? Behold, thou art fair!"—*Signs of our Times.*

"I LOVE JESUS, DO YOU?"

A MAN in Brooklyn during the great awakening in 1858 told in the lecture-room of Plymouth church, the story of his conversion to the Lord. He had attended the church for eleven years, and had listened to Mr. Beecher's preaching; had been convinced of sin again and again, but had stifled conviction, and resisted the leadings of the Lord.

At length his wife found Christ, and the new joy of a ransomed soul welled up within her heart. She had tasted that the Lord was gracious, and she could not but pray and long that her husband also might come and taste and see that the Lord was good.

One of the best testimonies that a Christian can bear, is the testimony of a joyful Christian life. This testimony she bore. Busied about the house, and occupied with needful labours her sweet voice would often be heard singing the songs of Zion. Sometimes it would be:—

"Jesus I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee."

And again, perhaps when occupied with the care of her little ones, she would sing:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me."

And so she went on, singing along her pilgrimage, her husband watching, and hearing, and feeling, and resisting it all, until at length her heart got too full for song, and turning to her husband, she exclaimed with an appealing look, "*I love Jesus*—DO YOU?"

This was too much for a poor sinner to bear; the husband's heart was broken by love, and bound up by Jesus' gentle hand, and he confessed his Saviour as Lord and King, and found acceptance in the Beloved.—*Signs of our Times.*

EXPENSIVENESS OF FUNERALS.

BY LYMAN WHITING, D.D.

I HAVE been intimate with the "undertakers" of late. The funeral service, in unusual frequency, has made me so. Part of my sympathy with the bereaved has found its way into conversation with these furnishers of funeral equipage, as to their part in the scenes. I am moved by what I thus learn, see here, and over the country. I want to put a cry into your columns against what has become a tyrannous and very oppressive fashionableness in the burial of the dead. Anywhere fashion is exacting, imperious, and unreasonable. Those are perpetual attributes of it. In scenes of bereavement it can make its sceptre very long and very heavy. It does do it. Sorrow loosens the heart, and in its bereavement it wants to make sacrifices. They, in some sort, pacify the grief, and so free expense is easily allowed, and studious tradesmen in the furnishing business, can turn the grief to use for choosing extravagant funeral finery from their supplies. How the victims of fashion in funerals are handled, quite surprises me. On our way to the burials the undertakers sometimes tell me. One said, "I find out about how much the family can stand, and get up things accordingly." "But how about the payment? These homes and people often look quite poorly off," said I. "O I have the money before I begin, in such families; or if they don't pay up I stop in the middle of things, and that brings a'most anybody to terms at such times."

We were burying a poor, fatherless girl one day, who died in the hospital, to which she had been sent for better care than her home allowed. After a time the man of funerals broke silence with, "Very fine funeral we've got up for her." "Yes, so I see; but how is the mother to meet such expense?" "O I got fifty dollars down—wages the girl had saved—and I know where the woman has the rest of it." I exclaimed, "What! all that's left of the girl's earnings; and the poor mother to be drained of her savings to pay for this useless show!" "Yes, sir, that's the fashion nowadays. Expenses are more than doubled, yes, trebled, since I began the business. Folks want to appear as well as their neighbors at such times; and I'm not the man to go agin 'em, of the pay is sure."

I mused a while. "Hard times!" every tongue repeats. Here's an extortionate vanity helping such times. That casket, dress, and funeral show cost more than the *bread* that widow and surviving child will need in a year. Half of it, at least, is useless waste, an unseemly vanity. And Christian people are blamable for this waste in part. They give the example. The blessed Gospel consolation for believers is "Gone to be with Jesus." "With me, where I am," are the Saviour's words as to those who die in him; and so *to* those who mourn for them. The clay, gone to corruption, he does not even mention.

We are to think of the dead as *with Christ*; but if vain parades, lavish adornments, and elaborate fashion, are brought in to engage the thought and fill the memory of the scene, how can that great thought be reached? A miserable modern sentimentalism whines "We must take all the gloom and terror away from death." Is that according to the mind of God, if we could do it? Has he put any more dread and natural awe of it in us, than our moral natures need? Are we to quell them with rosewood, electro-plate, and satin gimp? We should not strive to hush the voice of God in our woe, with spangled velvet and orange flowers. We need a sweet submission, a loving hold upon Christ, rather.

"O, Mr. W———, she's in the coffin, dressed beautiful!" said a child, as I went to comfort a family bereft of their eldest daughter. The gay burial finery had hidden death from that child's mind, and sorrowful it was to feel how she met the fashionable standard of care about death. That the departed sister had gone to be with Jesus, was not in her mind. The show *of* and *in* the coffin, was the main idea. A Christian lady of culture and wealth once assured me that a young friend of hers, who had suddenly died in a distant State, was dressed for burial in such taste and elegance, that her friends wrote "They never saw her look more beautiful!"

If Christian people have no better sense, taste, or piety, than this "costly array" of the dead exhibits, the world will follow "the same excess of riot" in expensiveness. Christian burial takes its forms from Christian believers. They really establish the observances; and if indecent waste and parade prevail in our customs, they are mainly blamable for it. "That blessed hope," changed to "sight," should fashion and temper the mourning and its rites. What a kindness to the burdened poor, and to those hovering upon a line of uncertain sustenance, to feel that a vigorous Christian custom stood between them and insatiate fashion, as to their dead.

The relief of more natural and less costly sepulture in the wicket fascicle, will be welcome. Meanwhile, in behalf of the poor, and of those near to the shadows of want, I appeal to Christian exemplars against this growing, extortionate expensiveness of funerals.—*New York Evangelist.*

WHAT THE ADVANCED THINKERS CANNOT DO.

DURING the latter part of his protracted and serious illness, Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, spent much of his time in prayer, both when alone and with his family and near friends. Often, in the midst of conversation, he would break out in ejaculatory prayer. His love for Christ and his love for his friends, and sense of constant need of help from above, kept him very near the throne in both prayer and praise. One day, reference having been made to the godless theories of Tyndall and the unbelieving scientists as to the "physical prayer test," the doctor, in his strongest way, expressed his dissent from them as "unscriptural and presumptuous," and then said, with deep fervor: "Ha! these advanced thinkers! they have not robbed me of my comfort!" In the same devout spirit, when still nearer his decease, he wished for the soft, sweet strains of holy music, and said, "Just give me a bairn's hymn!" At his grave two hundred and thirty children of the Original Ragged Schools, which he founded, sang, "There is a happy land, Far, far away;" and a little rescued boy and girl "laid a wreath upon the green sod" that covered the once stately form of their great, good friend.

These are the experiences and the scenes for which prayerless philosophy makes and can make no provision. Thank God, they cannot take away the comfort of prayer, and of "the bairns' hymns" from the least of God's dear children!—*Christian Intelligencer.*

BLOSSOMING OR BEARING.—HINTS TO YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

THE white blossoms on yonder cherry-trees are fast dropping to-day to the ground. There is a shower of them like the snow-flakes. How many of them leave genuine fruit behind them? The next two months will determine.

On a sacramental Sabbath a score or more of young converts are blossoming out into a fair Christian profession. It is a beautifull sight How many of them will be yielding the fruits of the Spirit ten years hence! Not one of them who is satisfied to settle down on the 'original capital' of their first experience. To become alive in Christ is one thing, to *keep alive* is quite another.

(1.) The first source of life is *food*. And it must be nutritious enough to produce spiritual bone, blood, and muscle. A Christian's bread is the truth of God. His diet is God's word, whether studied at home or heard in the sanctuary, and solid books, and heart-communings with Jesus. Prayer also is food. It actually adds a fibre to the character.

(2.) *Good air* is the next requisite to healthy life. As the fetid air of a close apartment or ill-ventilated car poisons the lungs, so a Christian poisoned in the deadly atmosphere of sin. You cannot grow healthy young Christians, in the foul air of social dissipations. Midnight parties, operas, and whist clubs do not suit Christ's plants of grace, any better than Labrador ice.

fields suit orange tree. A Christian cannot keep all the habits of the worldling without killing piety. Come out and be *separate*, means something more than to take the communicant's seat on a half-dozen Sundays in the year.

(3.) The third essential to hearty life *exercise*. Paul was never a backslider; he exercised himself unto godliness.' While a Moody or a Spurgeon is working up to the top of his bent every day the glow is on their faces, and the vigour is in their limbs. As soon as I see a young convert dropping out of active service, I mark him or her for the hospital. Work or die is the law of Christ's kingdom.

(4.) Those cherry-trees have their roots well secured in the soil beneath. So must every young convert be deeply and firmly *rooted* in Jesus. The secret soul-life must be hid with Christ in God. We offer these four hints to those who have lately put forth the blossoms of Christian professions. The next twelve months will go far towards settling the question whether you will be only blossomers or steady bearers of precious fruit.—*Mountain Echoes.*

THE TRIAL AND ESCAPE OF TOM MacCARTHY, THE CONVERT.

BY REV. DR. DUNCAN CRAIG.*

THE TRIAL.—The coroner's inquest, held at Wild Duck Lodge, upon the murdered body of Mr. Hunt, proved to be a peculiarly startling one. Several witnesses were examined who testified to their having seen Mr. Hunt riding homewards on the night of his murder. One man had passed him riding at a brisk trot at about eleven, not a mile from the scene of the foul tragedy. Another had seen him leaving the market town at nine o'clock, and had wished him good night and safe home. Another witness had seen him in the morning of the same day, and soon after, by the same token, had met with Tom MacCarthy, who spoke to him for a few moments, and asked, Was not that Mr. Hunt who had just passed on by the *boreen*, for he had ridden down a side road over the hill, which was a short cut when going to town? Another witness had spoken to Mr. Hunt in the town, and had seen Tom MacCarthy near the scene of the murder early in the day.

Presently *Shaun-ruadh* stood up, and deposed on oath that he and *Shemus Mohr*†—who was no other than the white-faced labourer who trembled, as we have seen, while assisting the constabulery with the sad duty of conveying the deceased to his home—had been the night of the murder passing along the road on their way to a neighbouring "wake"—that they heard a horse coming along at speed, and by the moonlight saw him not a hundred yards before them, when suddenly they heard the report of a blunderbuss, and Mr. Hunt fell from the horse, and they saw a man dragging him to the side of the road—that they advanced cautiously, and

DISTINCTLY RECOGNISED TOM MACCARTHY, THE "SOUPER,"

as the murderer—that he, hearing their steps, shouldered the blunderbuss, and leaped over the ditch—and that they were afraid of their lives to follow him, or even to touch the body—that they were afraid to say anything about it, lest they might lose their lives, but that he, Shaum-ruadh, felt so miserable in his mind at not having told what he had seen that he now had come forward to tell the truth, and the whole truth; and here the red-haired peasant gave a glistening scowl of his wolf-like teeth, while, after some examination by the jurors and the Sub-Inspector of Constabulary, Shaun stood down, and *Shemus Mohr* took his place, and corroborated his testimony upon oath.

The sergeant of police moodily shook his head as he heard these two witnesses, and whispered to the head-constable, who stood near him, "They would swear a hole through an iron boiler this minute." A gleam of triumph shot from out Shomus Mohr's dark eyes, as he concluded his testimony, and then the jury consulted together for some time, and that very night Sergeant M'Dowall, with a party of the constabulary, arrested Tom MacCarthy, and lodged him in the county jail, to await his trial, on a charge of wilful murder, at the next Assizes. Vain were all poor Tom's protestations of his innocence.

"It is an unpleasant duty, Dr. Graham," said the coroner, "a most unpleasant duty. It is all doubtless as you say. What you tell me is really very strange; but I must do my duty; and doubtless the Assizes will clear him, should he prove, as I trust he may, an innocent man."

The Rev. Dr. Graham felt that a foul conspiracy had been concocted against poor Tom MacCarthy, and repeatedly visited him as he lay in jail awaiting his trial.

The Assizes at last came on, and intense excitement reigned in the town and neighbourhood as the day of the trial drew nigh. A strong force of the Royal Irish constabulary was marched in, a troop of Huzzars and a company of the line were billited on the inhabitants. Early in the day when Tom MacCarthy was [to appear in the dock a vast mob of peasantry came into the town, and a number of Roman Catholics ecclesiastics found a place in the court-house. The building was completely crowded by a wild, excited mass frieze-coated peasants, who whispered to one another occasionally in Irish.

The witnesses were examined. Several new ones testified to having seen Tom MacCarthy early on the day in which the murder had been committed in the vicinity of the scene of the assassination; but all held their breath as *Shaun Ruadh* testified, as he had done at the coroner's inquest, to the identification by him of Tom the "souper" as the murderer. When Shemus Mohr also unfalteringly deposed to a similar effect the excitement was intense, and a look of triumph played over many a face as they whispered to one another, "The 'souper' is done for now, anyhow."

A few minutes more and the crown prosecutor closed examining witnesses for the prosecution; and then the witnesses for the defence were examined.

The most hideous expression of fiendish, baffled rage swept over *Shaum Ruadh's* face, as he saw Dr. Graham ascend the table, and heard the words which fell from the rector's lips, as he turned towards the jury. *Shemus Mohr* seemed to lean heavily against the side of the witness-box, and his face became pale as snow. Dr. Graham gave his evidence plainly and clearly. When he told how accidentally he had locked Mac Carthy in inside the bed-room, a thrill seemed to run through the court-house, and upon the conclusion of his evidence, corroborated as it was by the testimony of the servants in many parts of it, MacCarthy, who had been silently lifting up his heart to God in prayer, was directed to be released. The judge indignantly denouncing the evidence of Shaun Ruadh and of Shemus Mohr as the most atrocious case of malignant perjury that had ever come before him.

That night these two worthies spent in the county jail, and that same Assize saw them standing in the dock on a charge of corrupt and gross perjury, and a few weeks more witnessed their departure to undergo the sentence, so justly earned, of penal servitude for life. Downcast and gloomy the mob departed from the town, and Tom MacCarthy, with a grateful heart, returned home, praising

GOD FOR HIS GRACIOUS PRESERVATION OF HIS LIFE.

Many a one supposed that *Shaun Ruadh* and his companion were the real murderers of Mr. Hunt, but that, like many another dark deed, awaits the day when the great White Throne shall be set, and the books opened, and God shall judge the secrets of men.—*Signs of our Times*

* For the previous part of this incident, namely "The Murder of the Irish Landlord," see *Signs* for September 1st. Also the book, "Real Pictures of Clerical Life in Ireland."—Chap. 27, 28, 30. At Nisbett's.

† Tall James.

LOST AND FOUND.

Notes of a Bible Reading in the Wellington Hall, Dover.

BY MR. HENRY MOORHOUSE.

I want you, dear friends, this afternoon to turn to Luke xv. It is a chapter which almost every one in this place could repeat from memory, and yet it is one of those beautiful portion which always seem to touch one's heart, and fill one's soul with fresh joy every time one reads it. I wish you to look at this sweet chapter in connection with the Christian life. We have commonly been accustomed to look at it in connection with the state of unsaved sinners, and there is no doubt but that it might be applied to them.

In the first place, we here see the Lord Jesus Christ as the Shepherd seeking His sheep; in the second place, we see the Holy Spirit seeking the lost one; and in the third place, the Father receiving the wandering son. And in one view it is the Triune God engaged in receiving the poor lost soul

But I wish you to learn another lesson from this, and to apply it to your soul and mine. I think I shall be justified in using this to the Christian, as well as to the sinner who has never known the Father's house and the Father's love.

You will remember that the people to whom the Lord Jesus Christ spoke this beautiful parable were all Jews.

A WORD FOR BACKSLIDERS.

The Jews had gone away from God, and had become backsliders; and thus I can speak to the backsliders from this beautiful chapter. I don't know any place where the unsaved are spoken of as sheep, the ungodly as silver, or where the unsaved sinner is spoken of as the son of the Father; and, therefore, we are justified in applying this chapter to our own selves as Christians—in my opinion, at least.

We find in this story that the Lord Jesus Christ was surrounded by the publicans and sinners, while the Pharisees and scribes were in the distance, and began to murmur and find fault. You will always find that the Pharisees who keep away find fault, but the sinners who come near do not find fault at all. The fault-finders said, "This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." Then He spoke *this* parable unto them: not He spake *these* parables. From the fact of this being in the singular, I take it for granted that this chapter does not consist of three distinct parables, but of one that is intended to teach one connected lesson to your soul and mine. Now notice that in the two first parts of tha story, the objects mentioned are not in the slightest degree responsible. There is no responsibility on the part of a sheep. It would sound very ridiculous if we told the sheep that they were to take care of the shepherd; it is the shepherd that has to take care of the sheep. Here is a Man who had got a hundred sheep, and one of them goes astray. What did the Shepherd do? He left the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and went after that which was lost until He had found it.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD SEARCHING.

It does not tell us how far the Shepherd journeyed, how many miles He travelled, nothing of the weary walk, the aching heart, the weeping eyes and the bleeding feet; but it does tell us that He went after the sheep until He found it. No matter how far the sheep went, the Shepherd went just as far—He followed the lost one till He found it. And when He found it—He took a stick and drove it home? No, He did not. He tied a cord round its neck and led it home? No, He did not. What did He do? As soon as He found the sheep, He laid it on His shoulders and carried it back. Where did He carry it to? Not to the ninety and nine in the wilderness; He carried it home. He took the lost sheep home! I will tell you why He took it there. The reason why the sheep went astray was because it did not know how much the Shepherd loved it, and He took it home to teach it His love. And when He had found His sheep and brought it home, He called His friends and neighbours to rejoice with Him; and believe me, my friends, there is joy in heaven when one poor sinner is restored back to the fold from which he had wandered.

THE PRECIOUS SOUL.

Now we go to the next story. This is intended to teach the care of the Holy Spirit for the redeemed ones of Christ. It is asked, if a woman having ten pieces of silver lose one piece, doth not she seek diligently until she find it? Now, where does she look for it? Not in the garden, not in the fields; she searches for the piece of silver in the house. Beloved friends, I believe that if once a soul is in the church of God, it is in the church of God for ever! Once in the house, in the house for ever! She looked for her lost piece in the house, and she found it there. What have we here? Light and a woman. What is light? "Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light unto my path." When a Christian goes astray, it is the work of the Holy Spirit to restore him by the light of the Word. The Holy Ghost works by means of the truth. I often used to wonder why the Lord selected the similitude of the woman and the lost piece of silver. If one of you had lost your purse in coming down to this hall, I do not suppose it would trouble you so very much. Then why was this woman, on losing one piece of silver, so very much concerned?

THE EASTERN CORONET.

A few days ago, a friend of mine was showing me a great many things that she had brought from the Holy Land. Amongst others, she showed me a coronet, and she told me that this coronet was an heir-loom from her mother, and that she prized it very much. It was made to fix upon the brow, and there were attached to it silver chains, to which ten or twelve little silver coins were suspended; and she said that if one of those coins were lost, the whole things would be incomplete, and lose its value. It at once struck me that that was what the Lord Jesus Christ meant; if a woman lost one piece of silver from her coronet, the whole thing would be marred. By and by Christ will put on His coronet, and if one piece of silver be missing—if one poor soul was missing—the whole crown would be marred, and despoiled of its beauty. Heaven would not be heaven to Christ if one of His pieces of silver were missing from His crown! But there was no responsibility on

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the part of that piece of silver; the Lord Jesus Christ will take care of His sheep, and the Holy Ghost will take care of each precious piece of silver.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

But, in the third story there is responsibility—as children, we have to take care of ourselves; and there is something that we can lose, although we may not lose our souls. Now listen to the story: "And he said a certain man had two sons"—(read to end of 14th verse). Now mark you what kind of a famine it was. It was not a famine of husks—there was plenty of those. It was not a famine of swine's flesh—there was plenty of that. There was a famine of that which was clean and fit for a Jew to eat. There is never a famine of husks; the devil has not had a famine for the last 1800 years. There are always plenty of husks to feed hungry swine, and there are always plenty of hungry swine to eat them. If you go to Dover, to London, to Paris, or to New York, you will always find plenty of devil's food for hungry souls; but it will not satisfy them. Now, the story goes on to say, that when the prodigal had wasted his substance, he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country and asked him for something to do; and I do not for one moment believe that that citizen had the least pity for him. He saw he was a Jew and he said, "The only thing you are fit for is to go and feed my swine." That was neither pity nor sympathy—it was a piece of mockery. Nothing pleases sinners so much as to see a child of God brought down to their level. Now what did the prodigal lose? There was something that he could not lose, but there was much that he could. In the first place he could lose his home. His father's home was not closed against him, but in that far country he had no home.

PRODIGALS IN THE CHURCH.

Some of you would say, "I would not be a prodigal; it must be something that is terribly bad to disgrace my church, to give the devil my service in the eyes of the world, to get intoxicated, and go reeling about the streets." Yes, that is getting into the far country; but, beloved friends, I believe it is possible to be in the far country in this room this afternoon, to be in the far country with the words of that beautiful song, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," on your lips. I believe it is possible to be in the far country while reading this blessed book; to be in the far country with the cup of wine and bread, which is an emblem of the broken body of my Saviour, in my hand. Nay, more, I believe it is possible to be in the far country while preaching to you here about the prodigal son. Whenever you get your affections fixed upon earth, that is the far country. The farthest from heaven that the Christian can get is the world, and while you are living for the world, your heart is in the far country. Beloved friends, you need not give up your seat in church, you need not give up church-membership, only let your heart be away from Christ and centred upon earth, and you are in the far country. Now see what he loses. Home! that sweet word! Home! sweet home! there's no place like home!" It is only those who have been in the far country who know what it is to love home.

MEMORIES OF HOME.

I remember when I was in America with a friend. We had come from Sacramento, and had been in the cars four hours. We had a short time to wait, and got out and walked outside. We were enchanted with the beautiful scenery. The mountain-tops, covered with snow, looked like masses of silver. My friend said he had been to Switzerland, and had seen nothing like it. There was a lake, and in the sunlight it looked like a sea of gold. We were admiring the scenery when the birds began to warble, and a little blackbirds began to sing. Before we knew what we were doing, we had forgotten the scenery, and tears were streaming down our faces. It was the first blackbird that we had heard sing in that country, and it seemed to be like the song of Old England. Ah! there's no place like home! The scenery may be grand, beautiful, and glorious, but there is no place like home.

So, in the far country, the prodigal had lost his home. There was no familiar face to welcome him, and no kind voice to cheer him.

WHAT THE PRODIGAL LOST.

He had lost his home, and he had lost something else too; he had lost his food. He had the husks, but they did not satisfy him. He lost his food; and I think the church of God has lost its food, and that is the cause of the terrible state of weakness that the church is in. You cannot have food away from your Father's house. You must come back home; you will never be satisfied in the far country. What was the reason that the men of God had such power in the ancient days? Because they eat the bread that God sent them. Turn to Genesis xiv., 17 to 21, there you will find an illustration of what I mean. What did Abram say? He would not take so much as a thread or a shoe-latchet. Sodom was a wealthy city, but Abram would have none of her goods, and would only take the piece of bread and the drink of wine from the priest of the Most High God. Why? He knew that the servant of the Most High God should be independent of Sodom; and when the church of God finds out that and acts upon it, it will be a grand thing.

(To bo Continued.)

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

London, October 22nd: The Foreign Office received a telegram on the 18th instant from Mr. Wade at Shanghai, stating that the guarantees obtained from China comprise a Chinese Mission to England, with a letter of apology for the Yunnan outrage and a safe passage to, as well as across, the frontier of Burmah for a Mission of Enquiry to be sent to Yunnan.—Further, the Commissioner of Customs has been instructed to report fully respecting the taxation levied upon foreign trade, and the Chinese Government engages that when the Enquiry is concluded a competent Chinese officer shall confer with a British official on the regulation of the Frontier Trade between Burmah and China.—A Decree was issued on the 10th instant, calling the attention of the Provincial Governments to the Passport Clause in the Treaties alluding to Margary's murder and to the consequent appointment of the Commission.—Mr. Wade notifies that he intends returning to Pekin in about a week after having despatched Messrs. Grosvenor and Babar to Yunnan.—There has been a heavy rain-fall, which has caused further disastrous floods in England.

Berlin, 22nd: The Bavarian Liberal Ministry has resigned in consequence of the address voted by the narrow Ultramontane majority of the Chamber. The King has refused to accept their resignation, as likewise the Address of the Ultramontanes.

London, 22nd: Colonel Henry Yule has been appointed Member of Council in India.

23rd: The *Serapis* with the Royal party on board, has arrived at Port Said.—Rainy and tempestuous weather continues throughout England. The rivers Trent and Ouse are overflowing, causing serious damage and loss of life.

25th: The distructive floods in England are now partially subsiding.

26th: Yesterday, being the anniversary of the battle of Balaclava, the surviving non-commissioned Cavalry officers and men who were present at the Charge met together at a banquet given at the Alexandra Palace.—The troopship *Jumna* has sailed for Bombay from Portsmouth.

Cairo, 24th: The *Serapis* arrived here to-day, and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, met with a splendid reception.

Milan, 23rd: His Majesty the Emperor of Germany has left Milan.

Cairo, 24th: H. R. H. the Prince of Wales arrived here from Alexandria on Saturday evening last, and was received at the Railway Station by the Khedive. On Sunday H. R. H. visited the Khedive, and gave a reception to the English residents of the place, and afterwards dined at the palace. On Monday H. R, H. conferred the Order of the Star of India on the hereditary Prince in the presence of the Khedive. H. R. H. left to-day for Suez, and was accompanied by the Khedive as for as the Railway Station.

Suez, 25th: Her Majesty's ship *Serapis* and Osborne have arrived.

27th: A fresh insurrection is reported to have broken out in Khokand.—The Admiralty has received a lelegram from Suez stating that the engines of the *Serapis* are now working satisfactorily.—The S. S. *Pekin,* which brings on the passengers, mails, and cargo of the disabled steamer *Deccan,* has passed the Suez Cannal, outward-bound.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Walesembarked last night for Aden.

Shanghai, 25th: Messrs. Grosvenor and Baber started yesterday on their mission to Yunnan, and will be followed on 30th instant by Mr. Davenport, who joins them, at Hankow.—After investigating the outrage upon Mr. Margary, all three will proceed through Yunnan into Burmah.

St. Petersburg, 27th: The second Russian Exploring Expedition which started in the middle of September has reached the vicinity of the mouth of the Attreck.—Advices received from Khokand state that the Khokandese have deposed Nasreddin.

PASSENGERS SAILED.

Per P. and O. Str. *Lombardy, 25th:*

FOR SOUTHAMPTON.—Lieut-Col and Mrs Boyd, child and infant, Lieut J. H. Gidney, Mrs McLeod, c ild, and two infants, Mrs Brown, and four children, Apothecary Brown, Lieut Brown, Mr John King, Mr Fred, Francis, Mr Geo Mitchell, Mr John Kinchington, Mr W Chilmon, Capt C E G Barr, LieutBabington, Dr Schuster, and Major W. Chisholen.

FOR BRINDISI.—Captain Dudley Sampson, Col and Mrs C D S Clarke, and Mr A M Webster.

FOR VENICE.—Mr C D Field, LLD, C S, Major and Mrs Conway Gordon, Dr and Mrs T Maxwell and infant, and the Rev. Signor G R de Guiseppe.

FOR SUEZ.—Major S E Howard and native male servant.

PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

Per B. I. S. N. Str. *Agra, 26th:*

FROM LONDON.—Miss Shanshan, Miss Mottis, Miss Robertson, Miss Dodson, Mrs Roberts, Capt and Mrs Narmo, Mr and Mrs Robertson, Major and Mrs Adowan, Major and Mrs Plowden, ayah and infant, Mrs J. W. Scott, Miss Polly and two children, Mr R. C. Plowden, Capt Codrington, Mr Symes, Capt Ross, Lieut. Sorell, Mr Alexander, Mr Swartz and Mrs O'Dowda.

FROM SUEZ.—Mr Boyd.

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTHS.

WELLS—September 1st, at Silver Stream Lodge, Greenslond, Belfast, the wife of Rev. T. L. Wells, of the Gujerat Mission, of a son.

WILKINSON—October 21st, at Bandora Hill, the wife of W. J. Wilkinson, Esq., of a daughter.

LUCAS—October 25th, at Poona, the wife of Col. Alfred Lucas, C. B., Acting Commissary General of the Army, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

RAHARD—October 21st, at Bandora, Eva Marie Rahard, 4th daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Rahard, aged 3 years and 4 months.

THEOBALDS—At Bombay, 23rd October, Fenwick Robert Montgomery, the tenderly loved only son of Surgeon Major I. R. Theobalds, 16th Regt. Madras Native Infantry.

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